



THE WASTED CRUST

WORDS BY

EDITH LELEAN GROVES

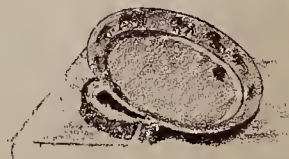
MUSIC BY

BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

PRICE 50c.

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Moderato *mp*

Last

night I did-nt eat up my crust, I poked it in un-der my plate, — I

mp a tempo

poco rit. mysteriously *a tempo*

thought that no one could find it there, But when it grew dark and late, And

poco rit. *a tempo*

I was in bed all cov-er'd up tight, All cov-er'd but just my head, — I

Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa.

3

saw that same old crust, I did, Come walk-ing up ov-er my bed — He'd

rh. slowly

poco rit.

two long legs and great big eyes, And he grinned! and he said — to me

poco rit.

slowly and impressively

"I'm — the crust, — you poked in un-der your plate, You could-'nt hide me you

poco rit.

mf

see — You must nev-er, nev-er, nev-er do —

cresc. *ff* *mf*

that a - gain! *mp* "Al - right, I wont" I — said, I'll eat you up to the

p

ver - y last crumb, If you'll please get down off ³ of my bed" So he

rit. *sfz*

gaily jumped off the bed, and he dis - ap - peared, I've searched for him earl-y and

gaily

rall. e cresc. *a tempo mp* late, — But he comes no more, for I nev - er poke my crusts in under my plate.

rall. e cresc. *mp* *a tempo*